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FOREIGN TELEGRAMS.

London, Jan. 3.

Admiral Rozhdestvensky, with the permission of the Ministry of Marine, has written an article in the *Novoe Vremya* on the battle of Tsushima in which he says that Admiral Togo's whereabouts were kept so secret that they were even unknown to the British Admiral who concentrated his fleet at Wei-hai-Wei expecting an order to annihilate the Russians if the Japanese failed to accomplish Britain's object.

An official statement issued at St. Petersburg says that during the crushing of revolt at Moscow so many revolutionaries were killed, wounded and arrested that Moscow is freed from their influence for a long time. The suppression of the agitation elsewhere is only a question of time. The loyalty of the troops is the most important lesson to Moscow.

The repression of the Baltic Provinces is proceeding steadily. General Orloff had a station master who refused to provide a train summarily hanged.

It is declared semi-officially at Berlin that the French apprehensions of German aggressiveness in Morocco are wholly groundless.

London, Jan. 4.

There is renewed apprehensiveness on the eve of the Morocco Conference. The Spanish and Italian press are most pessimistic. The latter is remarkable for sounding a distinct note of hostility against Germany. Even the Berlin papers dispute the official assurances and are uneasy owing to rumours of German military preparations.

A remarkable semi-official statement has been issued at Washington which says that the United States by virtue of wiping out piracy in concluding the first treaty with Barbary has a right superior to any European States in deciding critical questions at the Morocco Conference.

There are no Unionist candidates in twenty-nine constituencies, and it is probable that more Liberals than Unionists will be returned unopposed thus reversing the conditions of last election. The Liberals have accepted the Labour candidates in forty-two constituencies while Labourites oppose the Liberals and Unionists in thirty-four constituencies.

Mr. Gladstone in his electoral address reiterates the Government's desire to develop the Irish policy of the late Unionist Government so as to enable Irishmen to be directly associated with the management of purely Irish affairs but no proposal for a legislative parliament in Ireland can be introduced in the coming Parliament.

Mr. Winston Churchill at Manchester said that the Government of the Transvaal will be transferred to a representative democratic assembly as soon as possible. The Government will not continue in office unless they obtain a substantial majority enabling it to maintain itself with dignity and honor in the House of Commons.

The Premier of New South Wales has promised to co-operate in the despatch of flour to Japan for the relief of the famine-stricken.

London, Jan. 6.

The United States delegates to the Morocco Conference have

been instructed by their Government to prevent Franco-German friction and to maintain the open door principle.

The Primate in his New Year's Pastoral Letter says that among the gains of the memorable journey of the Prince and Princess of Wales is an increase in intelligent interest each stage awakens among the stay-at-home folk in India and Indian problems.

The United States have decided to send two additional regiments to the Philippines. It is explained that this is a precautionary measure due to the possibility of American interest in China requiring protection owing to the change China is undergoing.

Martial law has been proclaimed along a large part of the Siberian railway.

M. Rouvier has informed the Russian Agent that the political situation is not favourable for floating the proposed loan of thirty-two millions sterling.

The Russian Government announces that it has discovered that the Revolutionary Committees whose proclamations terrorized thousands of workmen consisted of single individuals.

A deputation from Irkutsk has arrived at St. Petersburg to request the autonomy of Siberia with a Commission on Siberian affairs.

The St. Petersburg Government has received no reports from the Trans-Caspian provinces for three weeks.

London, Jan. 8.

In the course of an interview a correspondent had with Count de Witte the latter said that he was confident that Russia would emerge rejuvenated from the present crisis the reports of which had, he said, been exaggerated. M. Kokovoff, ex-Minister of Finance in Russia, has been interviewed in Paris and said that the crisis had never been such as to impair Russian credit. Extraordinary expenses amounting to 93 million roubles for the repatriation of troops and the payment to Japan would be met by borrowing abroad. The recent repressive measures had, he said, brought the Anarchists to their senses and the public peace was henceforth secure.

A force sent to Windau has arrested the local Socialist Committee. Three of the ringleaders were killed in attempting to escape.

The French press asks in view of the apparent intention of most of the Powers to support France in Morocco whether Germany is prepared to alienate the opinion of the world. It is believed that Germany has been sounding the Powers on the subject of an international police for Morocco.

The Turkish troops have received a check in Yemen and compelled to retreat on Oman where they await 8,000 reinforcements.

In the triennial elections for the French Senate M. Jaures, the Socialist, and his colleagues have been badly beaten.

Meetings continue in Germany in favour of friendly relations with Great Britain.

London, Jan. 8.

The inquest on the victims of the Charing Cross station accident is concluded and a verdict of accidental death has been found and the railway not blameable. Sir Benjamin Baker stated that the flaw in the tie rod was due to a bad weld and advised the removal of the remainder of the old roof and the erection of a new one.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

It takes some time for the feeling of the year's newness to pass away. During January and February one is always coming across bits of prose or verse which catch the eye and arrest the attention, unusually alive at this season to serious impressions. The following two stanzas are a prayer that might well be uttered, not merely as a New Year's resolution, but as a daily expression of our purpose and earnest desire.

The year 1905 has taught men everywhere that God is, not *was* merely, a prayer-hearing God. This ought to make a difference in the way we regard every utterance of the soul's craving. God *does* hear what we are saying.

"In all I think or speak or do,
Whatever way my steps are bent,
God shape and keep me strong and true,
Courageous, cheerful and content.
"God help me! help to suppress
All longing for what cannot be
And grant me means wherewith to bless
Whoever may have need of me."

The Sunday *Pioneer* quotes an article by Mrs. Archibald Little which gives us the interesting and most welcome information that the practice of binding the feet of women in China is gradually being done away with through the pressure of Imperial and Viceregal Edicts.

It is hard for those who have never seen the victims of this cruel custom to comprehend the amount of suffering which is represented by this simple expression "foot binding." The women of India who are prevented by the social usages of their country from wandering away from their confined quarters, may regard their lot as a hard one, and yet have much pity to spare for their poor sisters in China, who, we are told by Mrs. Little, crawl about their houses on their knees, and in some provinces even work in the fields in this uncomfortable posture. The close connection of education in its western sense with the abolishment of this cruel and disfiguring practice is shown in the fact that the rich officials of Shanghai have opened a girls' boarding school to which only those may be admitted who have either not bound their feet, or having bound them, have submitted to the almost equally painful process of unbinding (for the relaxation of the cramped member, we are told, involves a great deal of suffering.) About eighty girls are already enrolled in this institution.

In connection with this matter, we are reminded of an interesting photograph shown to us last summer. It

represented a group of women of the Padong tribe in the Shan States. At the first glance it was difficult to make out whether the objects in the picture were really human beings or some sort of idols. The necks were so long and the legs so stiff that they appeared to belong rather to wooden figures than to flesh and blood people. The explanation of the strange appearance was a simple but very surprising one. Each woman of the tribe had on a brass collar. It was welded on her neck in girlhood and its height increased year by year until the head actually rested on a brass tower. At the same time rings of brass were put on her legs below the knee and used as the foundation for a similar structure, reaching in time far up the thighs. The result of this process on the body may easily be imagined, a neck incredibly long, and lower limbs so stiffened as to be almost immovable. But the effect which was most striking in the appearance of these poor creatures was one not to be anticipated without some thought. The faces in the picture were, without exception, the most expressionless and unintelligent that we had ever seen on any human being. The cramped bodies were evidently the earthly habitations of souls infinitely more cramped and debased. There were no men in the group, and when the question was asked whether the male members of the tribe were also treated in the same way, the answer was given that they were left quite unencumbered. When will men learn that by hindering the free development of their mothers, sisters and wives they are postponing indefinitely their own chances of improvement?

BE OF GOOD CHEER.

What matters it, friend, if the way be long?
There are wayside flowers, there are bursts of song
To gladden the fleeting hours.
The ship sails not till the strong winds blow
And the sun shines on tho' the clouds hang low—
Why fret at the passing hours?
You may bear the sunshine wherever you go,
For a smiling face is the face to show—
The world has need of your cheer.
Why add to its burdens of groans and sighs?
'Twere better by far to call to its eyes
A smile, instead of a tear.
Be brave, and be glad, and your joy will rest
Like a nested bird in some troubled breast;
Some heart with its sore repining
Will find the star in the midnight sky,
And catch the gleam as the clouds drift by
Of the radiant silver lining.

"Strive not to banish pain and doubt,
In pleasure's noisy din;
The peace thou seekest from without
Is only found within."

—Cary.

YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN.

THE importance of this theme is apparent when one considers that to make a mistake here is to possibly miss the glorious life beyond. The world is full of people who say "they are doing the best they can"; they are good folks—respectable, kind, social, honest. They are like the young man who came to Jesus with such a spotless character. Jesus loved him for his morality—for the possibilities wrapped up within him.

Then there are a number of people who not only make these claims of righteousness, but say that these qualities will fit them for heaven. There is not a little preaching in that very direction to-day. I know a man who said in a pulpit, a long while ago: "You say you cannot believe; well, suppose you cannot; you can be decent, can't you? you can behave yourself, can't you? Well, go ahead in that way." Then there are those who say that one grows out of evil into good; so if a man grows long enough, can live long enough for "evolution" to work its results in him, he will be fitted for heaven.

Now, to all these people—to every soul in the earth—Jesus says: "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of heaven." I want you to get your eyes on that word "see" for a moment. Talk about being in the kingdom—why, a man cannot even "see" it without being born into it. So here is the great fact of a new birth as necessary to an entrance into the kingdom of God.

Do not be deceived by the subtle teaching of the Fatherhood of God. Yes, He is the Father of all in that He has created all. But there is a new family created; a family in grace, which is as different from the family in nature as light is from darkness. We are made of one blood; but we are not now all of one spirit.

If there is anything taught clearly in the Bible it is the necessity of being born again in order to enter the kingdom of God. There are children of the devil, children of darkness, as well as children of light. Ye must—repeat it again and again—ye must be born again. We cannot grow into childhood; we grow as children. The child of a day and the son of twenty years are both alike in their relationship, they are born into the household; but the little tot is not as big or strong as the older son; yet he is just as much a son!

It is not easy, in the brief limits of this article, to discuss the method of the birth, much as one would like

to enlarge upon it. Perhaps, however, the less we discuss the method the better. The fact of it remains. Let me help you just a little, if I can, in answer to the question as to method. It is the work of the Spirit in the heart of man; men have nothing whatever to do with it, either by blood, will, or wish. (See John i. 13.) God does it. Just how it is not easy to say. (See John iii. 8.) Yet here are some pictures to help us understand it. Jesus points to the serpent raised up. Look up the story in Numbers xxi. They looked, they lived. Or, see John i. 12: To as many as received Him, to them gave He power, privilege, to become sons of God; they were born into the family.

How shall a man know whether he has been born of God? Even that is not so difficult a question as it seems to be. The proof of the tree is in its fruit. The blind man knew he *was* blind, but now he sees; that was a short creed, but you could not shake the man who built his life on it. If any man be in Christ, he is a new creation—a new creature; old things are passed away. We ought to be able to determine that: new emotions, new love, new desires, new appetites—all new, created of the Spirit. Or, look at the fruits of the Spirit in Gal. v. 22. Such fruit does not grow on unregenerate lives. Some people try to tie such fruit on their life-trees; but everybody knows that though a Christmas-tree looks well when it is trimmed, it is not the tree to grow the sort of fruit tied on it. "Ye must be born again."

—Rev. W. H. Geistweit.

—101—

God reigns and all is well!
No sparrow falls, no flower lives its day
Without His loving care that guards away.
Who shall His wonders tell?

God reigns and all is well!
The stream of living water ever flows,
The wilderness shall blossom as the rose.
Love conquers death and hell.

God reigns and all is well!
His love accepts His children's sacrifice,
To blend with angel-tones our praises rise,
Our songs of triumph swell.

God reigns and all is well!
None ask in vain for help to bear the cross,
The poverty of life, the pain and loss,
The solemn passing-bell.

Of youthful hopes, their knell
Ring in our hearts; yet love and mercy sweet
In benediction make our lives complete.

God reigns and all is well!
—M. A. Kidder, in The Living Church.



THE MUSIC OF OUR LIVES.

A visitor to Amsterdam wished to hear the wonderful music of the chimes at St. Nicholas, and went up into the tower of the church to hear it. There he found a man with wooden gloves on his hands, pounding on a keyboard. All he could hear was the clanging of the keys when struck by the wooden gloves, and the harsh, deafening noise of the bells close over his head. He wondered why the people talked of the marvellous chimes of St. Nicholas. To his ear there was no music in them, nothing but terrible clatter and clanging. Yet, all the while, there floated out over and beyond the city the most entrancing music. Men in the fields paused in their work to listen, and were made glad. People in their homes, and travellers on the highway, were thrilled by the marvellous bell-notes that fell from the tower.

There are many lives which to those who dwell close beside them seem to make no music. They pour out their strength in hard toil. They are shut up in narrow spheres. They dwell amid the noise and clatter of common task-work. They think themselves that they are not of any use, that no blessing goes out from their life. They never dream that sweet music is made anywhere in the world by their noisy hammering. But out over the world, where the influence goes from their work and character, human lives are blessed, and weary ones hear with gladness sweet, comforting music. Then away off in heaven, where angels listen to earth's melody, entrancing strains are heard.

—J. R. Miller, D. D.

A DEATH DEALING INVENTION.

The Paris correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph" says:—Dr. Lebon, a wellknown scientific investigator, has, according to report, made a discovery fraught with possibilities hitherto only dreamt of by novelists with a fertile fancy. An experiment which he has just accidentally effected may lead to a terrific death-dealing invention. Dr. Lebon was experimenting with the Hertzian rays in his laboratory. Suddenly he was surrounded by what he describes as a rain of fire falling upon him from all the metallic objects in the room. The experiment has led him to conclude that it would be possible to construct large-sized metallic mirrors capable of reflecting Hertzian rays without diminishing their power to a distance of several miles. The rays thus reflected would, while remaining invisible, ignite any explosive substance they encountered, such as stores of gunpowder in magazines, shells, in guns, and even cartridges in a soldier's belt. Notably, the doctor points out that warships would be particularly vulnerable to the reflected Hertzian waves owing to the extensive use made of electricity for all purposes on board, and that torpedoes, while they were being carried by vessels, could be exploded at a distance with terrific effect by the enemy for whose destruction they were intended.

As the sheep that graze in an art-glass window, so are they who wait on the ministrations of the sanctuary but bring neither help nor blessing to the shepherd who feeds them.

LITTLE THINGS.

A big steamer went upon the rocks and was totally wrecked. No storm was prevailing at the time, and the wonder was that the captain, who was a skilled and experienced officer, could have been careless enough to let his boat go so far from the course. No one was more surprised than the captain, who could find no way in which to explain the accident, until it occurred to him to examine the compass. He found in the box something that looked like the point of a steel knife blade. The day before, in trying to remove a spot of rust, while cleaning the compass, a sailor had broken off a bit of the point of the blade of his knife. This bit was not a quarter of an inch long; but, by drawing the needle far enough away from its true direction to mislead the man at the wheel, it wrecked a vessel that was three hundred feet long. The knife that was broken was not worth fifty cents, but it destroyed a vessel worth \$500,000.

Like this bit of steel, drawing the magnetic needle away from its proper pointing with such momentous results, is many a word and deed uttered or performed perhaps thoughtlessly, with no evil intent, but the influence of which, ever increasing in power, wrecks lives, maybe, and dashes souls upon the rocks of eternal woe! How solemn is life! Made up of little things which are the turning points in our lives, or the lives of others, at the parting of the way.

—Fx.

Beware of increasing your burdens by repining or foreboding. Many make the fatal mistake of loading themselves with more than their actual burden by brooding over the follies of yesterday and by anticipating the anxieties and worries of to-morrow.

In proportion to our faith is the vividness and reality wherewith, like Moses, we see God—like Enoch walk, like Abraham converse, like Jacob wrestle with him, like Elijah thrill to the inward whisper of his still small voice. There are, indeed, some eyes so dim that they catch no gleam of his presence, some ears so dull that they never hear the music of the thunder of his voice, and there are moments when even to the best of men he seems silent or far off.

To know the will of God and how to do it; the deepest meanings in life's experiences; how to be brave, yet humble; weak, yet strong; how to endure trial, yet keep sweet; how to use time to the best advantage; how to select between apparently conflicting opportunities of service; how to love God more and more, and to think no uncharitable thoughts, and to say no uncharitable things of my brethren.

"WHO IS DOING YOUR WORK?"

In all the world there is nothing so wonderful as "God's way with a soul." This, the actual experience of one woman, may have its message for others.

She had had a beautiful girlhood, rich in all that love and wealth could give. Then trouble came, and everything was swept away from her—parents, husband, children, and wealth. In her anguish she prayed passionately for death; death alone was refused her.

Her brothers took her abroad, hoping so to lift her from her grief, but though several years passed so she still prayed for death. Then one night she had a dream. She thought that she had gone to heaven and saw her husband coming toward her. She ran to him full of joy. To her terror, no answering joy shone on his face, only surprise and indignation.

"How did you come here?" he asked. "They didn't say that you were to be sent for; I did not expect you for a long time."

"But aren't you glad?" she cried, struggling with her pain.

But again he only answered as before: "How did you come? I didn't expect you;" and there was no gladness in his tone or eyes.

With a bitter cry she turned from him. "I'll go to my parents," she faltered. "They, at least, will welcome me." So she went on until she found her parents, but instead of the tender love for which her heart was sick she met only the same cold looks of amazement, the same astonished questions. Faint and heart-broken she turned from them too.

"I'll go to my Saviour," she cried. "He loves me if no one else does."

Then, in her dream, she reached the Saviour. She was right, there was no coldness there; but through His love the sorrow of His voice thrilled her into wondering silence. "Child, child, who is doing your work down there?" Then, at last, she understood.

When she woke in the morning, with the memory of her dream strong upon her heart, it was to find a new heaven and a new earth. She had no children of her own, but God's little ones, struggling under burdens that bent the childish backs and brought pitiful lines of care into the childish faces, were all about her. Down in the heart of the city she found her work—and her God.

—Elizabeth Holmes.

If you are getting lazy, watch James. If your faith is below par, read Paul. If you are impatient, sit down quietly and have a talk with Job. If you are just a little strong-headed, go and see Moses. If you are getting weak-kneed, take a look at Elijah. If there is no song in your heart listen to, David. If you are getting sordid, spend awhile with Isaiah. If you feel chilly, get the beloved disciple to put his arms around you. If you are losing sight of the future, climb up to Revelation and get a glimpse of the promised land.

—Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.

WHY EDISON STOPPED SUNDAY WORK.

Until quite recently it was Mr. Edison's practice to work in his laboratory on Sundays, owing to the fact that several of his inventions required immediate attention. But, according to *Success*, he has suspended that practice, from a motive that would do credit to any father.

An interesting episode occurred in his laboratory one Sunday morning. Mrs. Edison and little Theodore came down on their way to the Baptist church, at Llewellyn, N. J. Theodore went into the building with his father, and began his usual experiments.

"You mustn't work on Sunday, Teddy," said Mr. Edison, laying a hand on his child's head.

"You work yourself, Sunday," was the youngster's prompt response, as he busily poured a lot of green fluid out of a bottle into a tall jar. But he remembered that his mother had often disapproved of his father's Sunday labors.

Mr. and Mrs. Edison looked at each other significantly. The father immediately quit his Sunday work.

ECHOES FROM ALLAHABAD 1899.

Mr. Meyer said: "I used to think that God keeps his good things on a high shelf, and that if ever I should get up high enough and become good enough I might, perhaps, be able to reach one down. But afterwards I found that he keeps his best things very low down, and that if I could only become humble enough I might get one; but they were so far down and my back was so stiff!"

A story is told of M. Lepaux, a member of the French Directory, that with much thought and study he had invented a new religion, to be called "Theophilanthropy," a kind of organized Rousseauism, and that being disappointed in its not being readily approved and adopted, he complained to Talleyrand of the difficulty he found in introducing it.

"I am not surprised," said Talleyrand, "at the difficulty you find in your effort. It is no easy matter to introduce a new religion. But there is one thing I would advise you to do, and then perhaps you might succeed."

"What is it? what is it?" asked the other with eagerness.

"It is this," said Talleyrand: "Go and be crucified, then be buried, and then rise again on the third day, and then go on working miracles, raising the dead, and healing all manner of diseases, and casting out devils, and then it is possible that you might accomplish your end."

And the philosopher, crestfallen and confounded, went away silent.

—Christian Observer.

There will never be a better religion than Christianity until there has come a better founder than Christ was.

When the devil tries our faith, it is that he may crush it or diminish it; but when God tries our faith, it is to establish or increase it.

—Marcus Rainsford.



STILLNESS.

"A sound of gentle stillness," 1 Kings xix : 21 (R. V. mar.)

"In quietness . . . strength," Isaiah xxx: 15.

"Stand still," my soul, for so thy Lord commands;
E'en when thy way seems blocked, leave it in His
wise hands,

His arm is mighty to divide the wave.
"Stand still," my soul, "stand still," and thou
shalt see

How God can work the "impossible" for thee;
For with a "great deliverance" He doth save.

Be not impatient, but in stillness stand;
Even when compassed round on every hand,
In ways thy spirit doth not comprehend.
God cannot clear the way till thou art still,
That He may work in thee His blessed will,
And all thy heart and will to Him to bend.

"Sit still, sit still," O soul! 'Tis ever best
So still to wait—for Jesus will not rest
Till He hath finished what concerneth thee.
Thou fain would'st know how thine affairs would
fall?

Thou fain would'st strive thyself to plan them all ?
Hark ! Jesus whispers—"Bring them all to Me."

O anxious one ! "sit still" at Jesus' feet,
In quiet there, thou hearest words so sweet—
"Never can I My child forsake or leave ;"
And listening thus, thy quiet heart shall say—
"Lord, I am ready now to go Thy way,
With unbelief will I Thee no more grieve."

"Be still"—a deeper step in faith and rest.

"Be still and know" thy Father knoweth best
The way to lead His child to that fair land.

A "summer" land, where quiet waters flow ;

Where longing souls are satisfied, and "know

Their God," and praise for all that He hath plan-
ned.

"Be still and know" that God is only love.

"Be still and know" He sets thee "far above"

The cares and frets and worries of life's span.

"Be still." "Be nothing," lest thy movements spoil

The shaping of the vessel—lest thy toil
Should hinder the Great Potter in His plan.

"Be still," my soul, for just as thou art still,
Can God reveal Himself to thee ; until

Thro' thee His love, and light, and life can freely
flow.

In stillness God can work through thee and reach
The souls around thee. He then thro' thee can
teach

His lessons—and His power in weakness show.

"Stand still" my soul! The Lord shall fight for
thee ;

"Sit still," my soul! The Lord shall work for thee ;

"Be still," my soul! And know thy Lord is God,
And being God, He loves thee to the end.

He is thy Saviour, King, High Priest and Friend,
Thine "all in all" along thy quiet road.

"There was a great calm."

—Bessie Porter.

KEEP ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE.

There's a dark and a troubled side of life ;
There's a bright and a sunny side, too ;
Tho' we meet with the darkness and strife,
The sunny side we also may view.

CHORUS :

Keep on the sunny side,
Always on the sunny side,
Keep on the sunny side of life;
It will help us ev'ry day,
It will brighten all the way,
If we keep on the sunny side of life.

Tho' the storm in its fury break to-day,
Crushing hopes that we cherished so dear,
Storm and cloud will in time pass away,
The sun again will shine bright and clear.

CHORUS.

Let us greet with a song of hope each day,
Tho' the moments be cloudily or fair ;
Let us trust in our Saviour alway,
Who keepeth ev'ry one in his care.

The Jewish population of New York city is about 750,000, though the number of the devout, as indicated by attendance at the synagogues, is comparatively small.

12

9

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